

THE
QUEENS
QUILL -



QUEENS COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

FOREWORD

We are living through a time which everyone will remember. Our country is at war. America is straining every nerve to build ships and planes, and her people are gladly sacrificing long rides into the country to save precious rubber tires and gasoline. Bobby pins and Coca Colas, leather shoes and coat lapels are now luxuries. People are learning to be happy without the things which they had felt to be the very necessities of life. They have learned to find pleasure in working with their hands and hearts to fill their needs.

It is in this spirit that the issue of the Queens Quill comes forth this Spring, an offering of hands and hearts in a prayer for Victory. May we present a wartime issue of the Queens Quill?

- The Editors

WAR ANNIVERSARY

There it lay in her hand, a small piece of yellow paper, which would reveal to her the very important news. Even though she breathed anxiously and impatiently and wanted to open the cablegram at once, she could not make herself face reality. Something in her warned, "Don't open it; the news is bad!" The other part of her, her heart, seemed to say, "Open it quickly; the news is good!" And as she stood there staring at the cablegram, there flashed before her again the report of Jim's death during the attack of December 7. The newspapers had printed his name on the casualty lists. Yet her heart kept telling her that it could not be true and was not true.

Today was their first anniversary, and Fate was ironical in sending the news at such a time! But at the thought of anniversary," the shivering lips and the tear-burned eyes seemed to compose into a steady smile, and she sank slowly into a large armchair nearby. Her mind, lately torn with unrest and worry, carried her back with memory to that last day she and Jim had been together. She saw him again, handsome in his uniform, standing near the door just before his departure. She heard him again, speaking the words that were to be the last she would hear. "Well, darling, I'll be back before long; don't worry about me. Make yourself stay happy, but miss me just a little anyhow. No matter what happens between now and then (and don't look like that--nothing's going to happen), please find time on our anniversary to sort of think about

Valeo*

We must be brave.
Those who are going away
Will come back:
Not today, or tomorrow,
Or even a year from tomorrow.
But this I know:
They will come...
Marching back on the notes
Of a song,
Winging back on the clouds
Of Victory.

They will come back
Unmaimed, unmarred
By the terrors of night,
The shriek of shrapnel,
The hissing of shell.
For theirs is the cold strength
Of courage
And of enemy stilled in the darkness.

And though they lie in some distant field,
Soothed by the sounds of a sluggish river,
Asleep in the shade of a heathen temple,
Their hearts are ours
And homeward they will come.
Homeward—
When the light of dawn is breaking
Upon the world,
And the soul of man has risen
To find peace.

- Lucy Hassell
'43

* Be Strong!

some of the happiness we've known together. Promise you'll put that above all else that day. And I'll make you a promise, too. I promise that these things you remember will make both you and me happier."

She had promised in word then; and she had re-promised in heart whenever he had written to her, reminding her of that request. But the letters had stopped coming so often after the war actually began--and there had been no letter at all since December 7. Still, she must keep her word to make them both happier, and she held the paper still in her hand as she started remembering.

In a moment of thought, the young officer and his wife, who had been parting in her mind's eye but a moment before changed into a boy and girl. The officer was a high school boy, and the girl was a high school girl. But the two people were the same. Now, as before, they were saying goodbye. This time, however, it was goodbye in the form of goodnight, after their first evening spent together. They were startled by the new flutterings within their hearts as he squeezed her hand very tight and she went into the house, closing the door very softly behind her.

The next moment, the officer and his wife were young college graduates. He was in full dress, and she in a shy blue formal. Again they were standing by her door. It was on this night that they had set the date for their wedding. It had been no sudden act, this proposal, for in the stages of their courtship they had

already planned their home; but the realization that an actual date had been set for the wedding filled them both with a certain excited contentment. Never could she remember a happier time than that.

A moment or two passed and the earnest young couple became once more the officer and his wife. And her heart throbbed: "He can't be dead. This boy whom you have loved so deeply can't be dead." One thing could prove it - this cablegram that lay in her hand. She would open it now to relieve her heart - or to burden it. But the words of the young officer: ". . .on our anniversary . . ." kept returning; and she realized that her promise had not yet been fully kept.

The two were, in this last picture which was conjured up by her heart, a young man and his bride. This time, she was dressed in satin made very long and very white, and there was a film of veil about her face. And again, the couple was by a door - but not the same door. They were leaving the church, leaving the altar, the fern, and the white candles behind them. She remembered the sound of her tremulous voice saying, "I, Elizabeth, take thee, James," and his strong ". . .to love and to cherish . . ." Their eyes, gazing into one another's as they walked down the aisle had seemed to confirm the promise just made, ". . .till death do us part."

"Death" brought a quick pain to her heart as it chanted again what seemed a refrain: "He can't be dead." Yet was he?

There was no use pretending any longer. Sooner or later she would have to face the truth, so why not now? She had kept her promise, and he had kept his. She had lived over some of their happiness together, and she had become happier in the memories; she could not help feeling that somehow she had made him happier, too. But now for the truth. She remembered the way the headlines had looked on that morning of Pearl Harbor and how, fingering down the list of casualties which had appeared some time later, his name had been among the O's: "Lt. James Glenn Carter - " and his address. One could not fight Face!

There the cablegram lay, unopened in her hand. She took it and slowly tore open the envelope with unsteady hands, her lips moving in a sort of prayer. She unfolded the paper, and her eyes slowly read these words:

"SAFE AND SOUND STOP DO NOT WORRY STOP ALL MY LOVE ON OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY STOP JIM."

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- 5 -

DUKE POWER CO.

Thus far in the magazine you are no doubt pausing in utter bewilderment and confusion. Comfort yourself, for you are not alone in this sad state. We, the Editors, can sympathize as we discover weird numberings at the bottom of sheets, queer smudges which no one remembers cutting on the stencils, and, which is worse, we suffer from the nation-wide paper shortage to such an extent that there is no paper left for the Table of Contents or staff members. As for the former, the situation is probably for the best, since a Table would only reveal how sadly mixed-up we are on the numberings, for they are quite obviously not in chronological order. The Staff members, however, do not profess to be mimeographical prodigies. No matter how self-made this may appear to be, let me assure that it was not! It represents hours of stencil-cutting and "printing," which supplied entertainment for its Staff ~~which will~~, we hope, be equalled by your enjoyment of what we have done.

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NAVY LIEUTANANT

(a sketch)

Anyone could tell at a glance that he was different. There was a certain twinkle in his startling blue eyes, a certain swagger in his pigeon-toed walk, and a certain mellowmess in his husky voice that made him stand out from the score of sailors on the deck. He was a young officer. He strode the rolling deck without a falter. He talked amiably with his men; and I could hear him say to one young sailor, "Ensign, I want you to show me that lovely little daughter of yours when we make port. I have something for her." The Ensign's face lighted up, and he smiled embarrassedly as he handed the binoculars to the lieutenant. He took them and as he peered through it, his whole countenance changed. His eyes became narrow blue slits and his body grew rigid as if it had been hewn out of wood. Then suddenly he turned and handed the binoculars back to the Ensign. Turning, he continued striding up and down the deck. His head was held high, and his rough-grained hands were clasped behind his back. He closed his eyes and inhaled the tingling salt air as though he could never get enough of it. Unmindful of his impressive appearance, he stood there. Every few minutes he would open his eyes and scan the horizon quickly and thoroughly. He stood there with the angry skies above him and the rumbling seas beneath. Suddenly he turned and disappeared down the hatch.

- Louise Diggle

'45

AUTUMN

In days of Indian summer -
Flaming leaves
Tearing to an attendant earth,
Borne on the cold shaft
Of the North wind
Shot by the stolid archer,
Winter.
Leaving the trees
But barren forms -
Mocking totem poles -
Altars stretching up
To a grey and chilling sky,
The coverlet
Of a sleeping Mother Nature.

- Mary Jane Hart
'43

'Round Donner Square -a rondeau-

'Round Donner Square the children play
And romp with friends and pets all day;
A squirrel drops from his leafy way,
Pauses a moment, then scampers anew
A bouncing flash of fury gray.

And new-found thrills are never few
For those to whom the birds portray
A love of flight into the blue -
'Round Donner Square.

'Tis there with gentled heart I'd lay
The favorite childhood scenes I knew.
And now I sit and watch those who
Are frolicking whilst Mistress May
Charms passers-by with her display
'Round Donner Square.

- Mary Jane Hart
'43

THREE MEN IN PORTRAIT

I.

This is Alex: he is of the mountains, and the forests and the air that is so fresh and tingling to the senses. This is a man who knows Life as something wild and strong and resisting; for that is how he has found it. There is that of the very primitive and vital, the bold yet humble, the warm yet chilling in Alex. He is the charming hunter.

I saw him first in the midst of impending disaster; while enemy Fates encircled him and threatened, at any moment, to snatch his very existence away, he was poised, reared back in a cane-bottomed chair, grimly ripping the meat off a chicken bone, and charging to the world in general "Ain't this funny!" It was funny, peculiar, for I knew instinctively that the beads of sweat on his brow were not from fear but came from a too active enjoyment of the danger all around him. As time passed, and the mystery that was Alex cleared somewhat, it was fine to discover that he was afraid of neither man nor beast; only the God-like element in himself could bring uneasy tremors to the surface or in any way banish the calm and poise that were always his.

Alex was long and lithe and sinewy. There was the rhythm of the rivers, and the clear-cut pattern of the rain in his loose swinging stride. His hair was black and crisp and curly. His eyes were dark, -10 to 10 in the range of vision.

curly. In spirit, in mind, and in body he was a man of iron and steel. In his eyes, only, was there a furtive, sensitive quality which seemed to say "Here is a man who has been hurt, hurt deeply."

Inherently fine and decent, Alex was likable, loving and unpredictable. His manner was carefree and casual as nature, herself, on a spring day. In a world of pretense and hypocrisy he remained a fountain of natural spontaneity, every ready with a laugh or a classical, homespun comment.

From the mountains themselves, or in the early morning air, there will always be his warm, sonorous voice, as he throws back his head and breaks forth with "Gonna give my gal a hug, gonna fill up my jug with that good ole mountain dew..." Yes, Alex is the hunter, charming and resolute.

II.

This is Michael: he is of the wind and the plains and the clouds. And the tropics, for Cuba is his home. He is an Apollo Belvedere, carved not from a single stone, but from a great forest-covered mountain. His has been a life of thought and emotion: a search for the simple truths, and piercing encounters with hidden archers. He is the winsome lover.

I never met Michael; he was simply standing there when I happened to look, like all of nature's treasures, awaiting

the broadening of our narrow gaze. His smile was warm and friendly, and the whole of him was big and kind and gentle. Time proved that his eyes were the hour-glass through which his every word or thought passed. And there was a time when those eyes were blurred by tears, for he was crying unashamedly at the death of his father.

Like so many of his country, Michael talked with his hands, but he thought with both his heart and his mind. After stating an earnest conviction in a soft, soothing voice, he would point to his heart with a great well-shaped hand and say "I know eet ees so!" His giant steps were slow and decisive; there was the roll of the plains in his stride. Like a well-groomed stallion his silhouette stood massive, powerful, perfect in every line; yet, he was warm and responding, wistful and impulsive. A charming child-like naivete left him open to many painful blows and his retreat lay in a brief but impenetrable reserve.

The picture of Michael that reminiscence so often calls forth divulges, more than any other, the secret of his will to believe and the quiet confidence that was in his every move. It was Sunday morning in a crowded church; mass had not yet begun. My eyes strayed to a window where multi-colored sunbeams were shining through the glass, as if it gave no resistance, and coming to rest on dark, moist hair.

There knelt the great figure of a man in humble prayer. He seemed apart from the bodies pressed so near his own. A reverent, peaceful expression flooded his face.

Those same dancing lights were playing on warm Caribbean waters and I wondered how soon the lilt of "Que salia de la Habana" would strike a responsive chord in his heart and call him to his native home; for it was Michael, the winsome lover.

III.

And, this is Gordon: he is of the sun and the skyscrapers and dynamos. Always reserved, he has set up a barrier between himself and Life; a wall built not of fear, but rather a feeling of incompetency to grasp the entire breadth and depth of anything so intangible. From his solitary stand he has become the observer of the constant stream of life; he neither looks at it through rose-colored glasses nor with a cynical curve to his lips; he merely looks at it and contemplates. He is the bachelor sportsman.

I first met Gordon in an office high up in a modern bank building. He was dark, heavy-set and chuckling, smoked a big, black cigar and had rosy cheeks. His dress was casual and sporty. A first impression remained: there was more to this man than he would have you know. And this was true: his capacity for understanding and modesty was Gargantuan.

Gordon liked to sail on Chesapeake Bay, or swim. He collected records, and loved the classics for what he heard: no more. Horses and powerful cars lulled his wild desire for speed. His most prized possessions, though he never admitted it, were his friends. In a soft Maryland accent he would praise the state of bachelorhood, but later give himself away as an idealist who had been disillusioned by the so-called modern girl. Always there remained for him, however, nobility and a call for respect in his mother, whom he loved dearly.

The walls of caution and reserve that he had built up were hard to penetrate, but the music from his heart could escape over them. I often heard him humming "Home On The Range" in a deep tone that sang of all the longing only a prisoner could feel for the wide, open spaces, and I knew that there only could he be free and happy - this bachelor sportsman.

- Mary Jane Hart

'43

Keep informed with -

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

* ALL THE NEWS THE
DAY IT HAPPENS*

THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE

It was the town of Dunkerque, France,
In World War number two,
A miracle there had to be
To bring the British through.

The Jerries were assembled there
To fence the British in,
When all they'd need was one day more;
The Jerries knew they'd win.

The British never even thought
They'd any chance at all;
And many Britons felt that night
They'd never see the Mall.

"They're lined up on the waterfront;
The Tommies cannot last."
Thus spoke an old, old Frenchman
Whose life was almost past.

A miracle they had to have
Or else the jig was up.
They had not time for tea that day --
Nor even time to sup;

The Jerries came on crowding in
And pushed poor Tommy back
Until there stood along the shore
The British back to back.

The Britons left in cozy homes
Had heard about the fray,
But few did ever know how close
Tom's back was to the bay.

And still the Jerries came right on.
No miracle - no game.
No miracle had showed itself,
But still the Jerries came.

The night grew black and blacker
The fires gave fitful glame.
The men grew close and closer -
And still the Jerries came.

Australians, Irish, Brockies - all,
They did a common thing.
They knelt them down to ask their God
To save once more their king.

They gathered in their kirks and homes,
In churches, chapels, barns.
They all knelt down in common cause
To give the British arms.

The Britons prayed, that fearful day
And all that fearful night-
"Oh, God, please make the Jerries go;
Unloose thy awful might."

And God unloosed His awful might.
He made a dreadful day:
The sea was calm as any sea.
The clouds knelt down to pray.

The Jerries don't conceal their thoughts-
I've often heard them say
They'd like to know just who and how
Had taught Tom how to pray.

Their praying must have served its use
Because the whole next day
The clouds came down to meet the sea -
The fog to meet the bay.

And all that day the boats arrived
From Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
And far into the night they came -
Just everything with sails.

They took those silent British men
Until the sky got light.
And whoso'er could man an oar
Took part in this great flight.

Oh, every bark that bore a sail
And went by name of ship
Came gliding up to that French coast
To give Jerry the slip.

Three hundred fifty thousand men
And all were British born;
The flower of the Commonwealth
Escaped from there that morn.

So silently they loft that night,
And all the next day, too;
And all that night while Jerry harked,
Never a whistle blow.

A bottleneck was what there was
On France's lovely shore,
Till Tommie's friends came to his aid:
Until there were no more.

So Britain's sons came home from France--
Surprised poor Jerry so--
When asked about what happened there,
The Jerries just don't know.

It still is all a mystery
Just how the British loft.
Only a few men never came back;
The British are quite deft.

A miracle was needed then,
So Britons knelt to pray.
And anyone will tell you
Their praying saved the day.

The stormy English Channel
Was still for three whole days
To let the British Tommies pass
From out the Dunkerque bays.

- Alice Payne
'43

DAVID

David was young. His face was round and full, and when he smiled, a dimple appeared in his cheek and his eyes crinkled. But he was not smiling now. His brows were drawn down, almost together; his hands were hanging at his sides; and one foot was kicking the dead leaves in the gutter. He clenched one fist as if remembering something. Then he drew it up to his eyes and wiped at a few runaway tears, at the same time looking around furtively to see if anyone had seen his weakness. When he withdrew his fist, one could see a sooty ring which always precedes a black eye. He had been in a fight. He had lost.

- Lee McLane

INTERLUDE
-sometet

Here, in the dark of this long hour - a space
Given forever, now, to you and me--
I ask, not that Time yield for eye this charming place,
(Supposing He might pause to grant us grace)
Although our beating hearts make a symphony,
Although the dark shuts us in urgently,
Although your look dwells sweetly on my face.
I ask the memory when we've gone away;
For know, dear love, to stay, to vow, and do
Must cast the steely light of dawn upon
Our dream of rose and blue - the reasoning day
Which scoffs at love. No, let me look at you
Again; then, let me dream when we have gone.

- Elizabeth Isaacs
'42

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Peanut-Seller

I saw her vending peanuts
At the corner
And I brought her into my studio.
May I paint you, I asked.
Her shoulders raised in a shrug.
But she did not move.
She did not smile.
She was far from beautiful,
But her hair was black and windblown
And tangled.
Her eyes were grey and had a defiant gleam
That fascinated me.
She sat sullenly in a deep, wine-red chair,
And I mixed my pigments
For this strange incongruity,
And painted
The tanned face,
The pointed chin,
The wide eyes that glinted points of steel.
The mouth sensitive, lips parted.
A body well-formed, yet strangely assembled.
Streaked dress, torn gapingly.
The deep velvet chair
And the lace curtain behind.
And so I painted her.
Just as I saw her.
And I felt a kind of savage breathlessness
Thrill through me as I put
The shadow in her throat--
Thrill through my veins
As the warm blood of mixed races
Thrilled through hers.
I longed ---
But I painted the edge of the lace curtains.
Painted with a hot throb in my neck,
For a moment touching here and there
With my brush.
Then I stepped back to compare
The lips--the eyes--the throat---

But she was gone.
The girl was not there.
I had not heard her leave!
And she was not
Down the street
Or up the street.

- Lucy Hassell

'43

CINQUAINS

Violets

Violets
You brought to me;
Their velvet-softness I
Held slenderly in my hands and heart,
Remembering.

Midsummer Afternoon

Sun glint
On broad green leaves
With shadows just beneath.
A warm wind pushes through the leaves
And sighs.

- Elizabeth Isaacs
'42

Peace

When there's
Quiet after sundown
And the hush of evening's
Falling on the last chore of day---
There's peace.

Lightning

So sharp,
It streaks among
Leaden clouds and sparks the black---
Then disappears as suddenly
As wind.

- Mary Jane Hart
'43

